AN ENCOMIASTCK,

OR,

ELEGIACK ENUMERATION

Of the Noble ATCHIEVEMENTS, and Unparallel'd SERVICES, done at

LAND and SEA,

BY THAT TRULY HONOURABLE GENERALL,

ROBERT BLAKE Esq;

Late one of his HIGHNES'S GENERALLS at Sea; who after nine yeares Indefatigable SERVICE in that high Employment, Exchanged this Earthly TABERNACLE, for an Eternall HOUSE, *Not made with hands*, Blessedly dying in the Lord, in *Plimouth Sound*, September the seventh, 1657. *AGED* 59.

LONDON,

Printed by *Tho: Roycroft*, 1658.

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GENERALL.

ROBERT BLAKE, Esq;

REnowned *Blake*, what Trumpet may be found,
That can thy matchlesse Prailes duely sound?
Or what Seraphick Pen, that can set forth,
In fitting measures, thy transcendent Worth?
And justly warble forth, in saddest straines,
Thy death, and losse thereby the Land sustaines?
Is that *Sidneian* spirit, with his dust,
Extinct? or for this mournfull Subject must

Heroick *Spencer*, and that ſweet Divine
Dubartas, rais'd be from their reſting Shryne?
Thy ſignall unexampled Acts to ſing;
Of which the whole World doth already ring;
Which if in order we muſt needs recount,
Our mean unpoliſht Quill they far ſurmount,
That to thy merit we ſhall in debt remain,
So great a ſum not able to attain:
Leaving a Richer pen the ſame to pay,
Whilſt in the Common ſtock our Mite we lay.

When firſt *Bellona* did fair *Albion* greet
With dreadfull Larums in the open ſtreet,
And when that high and Roman-like diſpute
Of the Militia, did in feild recruit
Two Armies, t'wixt the late unhappy King
And Parliament, from whence as from a ſpring,
Ran Seas of bloud throughout this Iſle, which had
Drown'd all, but that *Jehovah* it forbad.

Commiſſions of Array are iſſu'd out,
Which doth diſturb the trembling land throughout
Blake now ſtands up without delay or fear,
'Gainſt the Tyrannick Levies doth appear;
And with thoſe noble Patriots of the Weſt,
A Captain of ſtout Foot, himſelf addreſt

With

With their aſſociate Troops to march and face
The Royall forces, who with nimble pace
Quitting the feild, to *Sherborne* do retreat,
That ancient Caſtle, *Digbies* ſtately Seat:
From thence are forc't with tedious March to flye,
To the Cornubian Mountains ſtrong and high,
And there divided, ſome away do poſt,
Through ſwelling Severn, to the Cambrian Coaſt
And fenced Hils of *Wales*, for ſhelter where
Th' old Brittains by the Romans chaſed were.

So after many ſignall proofs ſhew'n forth,
Of his Heroick proweſſe and true Worth,
At *Bodmyn*, *Briſtoll*, and at *Launſdown* fight,
And at *Bridgewater* (where he firſt ſaw Light)
Though by juſt Providence, and Heavens Decree,
We were deny'd a Conqueſt yet to ſee,
And Royall *Charles* had ſubjugate the Weſt,
And two full Winters, had the ſame poſſeſt.
He now arriveth to the Councill great,
Thereof a Member, to conſult and treat,
Of State-concernments (where ſometimes did vote
His grave Progenitors, there to promote
The common good) and ſo with great Applauſe,
'Mongſt other Worthies, he that publick cauſe,
Twixt Prince and People then in high Debate,
Is call'd with dint of Sword to vindicate. And

And ſpeedily on *Neptunes* Chariot ſent,
Commander of a valiant Regiment,
Rais'd by ſtout *Popham* of Illuſtrious Rank,
And timely landing on the Weſtern Bank.

I.

Lyme to releive, that old Maritime Seat
By faithfull *Ceſey* kept, with hazard great,
Near gaſping, as beleagur'd ſtrongly by
A Rheniſh Princes Army ſtrong and high,
Form'd of all Nations, who like ravenous Bears,
Thirſt after Engliſh bloud, whilſt he prepares
Himſelf for Sallies, and through help divine
The bold Aſſailants ſlaies like heards of Swine:
Prince *Maurice* ſtill recruits, ſtill is repel'd
With loſſe of thouſands, and at laſt compel'd
To quit the Leagure with his Princely Train,
Not daring fiery *Lyme* to face again.

II.

HE having now payd to Jehovah high,
His vows and thanks for this firſt Victory,
In triumph hence doth march, bent to ſet free,
The Neighbouring places that in thraldome be,
Aſſiſted

(Aſſiſted by ſtout *Pye* from *Eſſex* ſent,
That Peer renown'd, in Armes ſo eminent)
To that ſtrong Caſtle founded by King *Ine*,
Of Saxon Race, ſeated as t'were on *Rhyne*,
Or rather *Eden* ſweet, a land ſo bleſt,
Call'd vulgarly, The Garden of the *Weſt*.
And herein yet more happy, that brave *Blake*,
His firſt breath in this fertile ſoile did take,
Gainſt this ſtrong hold, cal'd *Taunton*, that fair town
(By high-born *Stawell* kept) he ſitteth down,
Soon forcing the Beſieged to ſubmit
To his Conditions: They forthwith do quit
A Princely Garriſon, ſtor'd plenteouſly
With all Proviſions, here he worthily
Is now ordained Governour; but he,
As born to high atcheivements, will not be
Embas't with reſt or ſloath, but prudently
Foreſees approaching ſtorms; for ſuddenly
Great Forces under *Wyndham* are drawn out,
This growing Garriſon to quell and rout;
Whilſt with few men, but by him ſpirited,
And by his Fortitude and Wiſdome led,
With ſallies ſtrong, the potent Foe he plies,
That with great loſſe, and greater ſhame he flies.

III.

III.

YEt here the Royall Party will not reſt,
But freſh alarums do him ſtill infeſt,
On ſuddain, loe, a formidable Hoaſt
Commanded by the Cheiftains, and the moſt
Stout *Greenfeild*, *Goring*, *Hoptan*, breathing out,
Nought elſe but fire & ſword the camp throughout
Here might you hear the Iriſh Tories thunder,
More hideous threats then Cannon, that aſunder
The Caſtle ſeem'd to rend: Lo like a floud,
Great multitudes have broke the Line, now bloud
Is like to dye fair *Tone*, or rather make
New Rivers in the ſtreets, all lies at ſtake;
Women and Children, nought but gaſtly death,
Beholding, and half dead, do gaſp for breath.
Yet here great wonders wrought by thoſe
Tauntonian Blades, the over-flowing foes
Are bravely checkt, and ſtopped at a Bay,
And forc't to fight at piſtoll ſhot, by day
And night, from houſe to houſe, untill the Foe
Repulſt, ſuch fury could not undergoe:
Now are made good the words ſomtimes he ſpake,
By inches they their bloudy way ſhould make,
And yet poor Soules, have loſt their way at laſt,
As into darkneſſe and confuſion caſt.

And

And when that *Goring* ſent to him in ſcorne
A tatterd drum, (beſt ſuiting their forlorn
Condition) for exchange of priſners, he
Them kindly treats, and quickly ſets them free,
And like himſelf, or like that Greekiſh Prince,
The falling foe vvith kindneſs doth convince:
This one exchange doth to the other add,
Returnes the Nuntio vvith nevv rayment cladd.

Yea to their great aſtoniſhment, upon
Their taking of a neighbouring Garriſon,
Inſulting proudly vvith great threats and jeers,
The Churches bells he ringeth in their eares,
And thereby quickly checks their pride and rage,
Of their enſuing fall a ſad preſage.

Redoubted *Welden* loe, that man of *Kent*,
VVith ſeaſonable ſuccour hither ſent,
From th' hills appeares: the harraſt foe again
Doth raiſe his ſeidge, and fairly leaves his ſlain
By thouſands to their Mother Earth, to feed
The hungry vvormes, vvhich lookt before indeed
For other fleſh, vvhilſt mercy vvith ſtrong hands
Out of the raging fire, pulls us as brands.

IV.

THe Kingly forces never reſt nor ceaſe, (creaſe,
From their implacate Wrath, which doth in-
Still hotly thirſting for the bloud of thoſe,
Who meerly in their own defence aroſe
Freſh Armies now are levied, to pull down
The haughty courage of this ſturdy Town,
By a third ſidge more dreadfull then the reſt,
Which kindles flames of valour in the breaſt
Of this ſtout *Hector*, made for dangers great,
Like that great *Greek* that did *Darius* beat.
Here *Goring* cheif Commander, vowes to lay
His bones, and not retreat or march away,
Till that proud Caſtle were reduc't, juſt then
When *Naſeby* batrell wavering ſtood, and when
He ſtraightly ſummond was by royall call,
To aid his King on that day verticall.
The gallant Governour well knowing all
Theſe paſſages, together he doth call
His Captains, cheares his warlike boies, who like
Lyons fall on, and with amazement ſtrike
The Royaliſts, whoſe ſtout heart will not yeild,
Till maſter'd by a ſtouter in the feild.

Here

Here now that joyfull ſound of *Naſeby* fight
Was heard, like ſweeteſt muſick for delight,
After ſad thunder-cracks let *England* ſing
Still that appealing victory, and bring
Freſh Laurells to adorn that glorious field,
Whilſt to th' Almighty we due praiſes yield.
Now noble *Fairfax* doth victoriouſly,
March to releeve the Weſtern parts, that lye
Oppreſt; the ſame at once releives, and meets
Another Conqueſt in brave *Taunton* ſtreets,
Atchiev'd by *Blake*, who ſolemn Thanks ordaines,
Unto the higheſt, who for ever raignes.

V.

AND now to march forthwith he doth prepare
To *Dunſter*, that ſtrong towring caſtle, where
The waſting peſtilence of late did rage,
Which God was pleas'd on his approach t' aſſwage,
The foes great obſtinacy did him move,
To ſpring a Myne: the lofty walls above
Mount in the Aire, ſome dead, ſome living are,
In thoſe great heaps blown up, the fruits of War,
At length dear *Blake* to thee they did reſign,
This Caſtle, by rendition now made thine.

(Peace,
Through Heav'ns fair aſpect now, auſpicious
Begins to ſpring, and flagrant armes to ceaſe;
To that great Senate, he from bloudy fights
Returns, there to aſſert the peoples rights,
And he that was a warriour ſtout of late,
Doth now conſult of arduous things of State;
Well hoping in the end the ſword to ſee,
Into a pruning hook might turned be.

VI.

But lo, ſad Rumours from the Britiſh Mayne,
Our Fleet revolted is, which doth a train
Of troubles new, and great combuſtions breed;
For our great ſins, a juſt vindictive meed:
Now this brave Senator muſt once again,
Harneſſe himſelf, more honour yet to gain
For his great merit elected Generall,
And as the firſt fruits of this publick call,
Thoſe Princely pyrates from *Kingſale* doth rout,
Rupert and *Maurice* both, two Princes ſtout; (chaſe
From thence hee to th' Herculean ſtraights doth
Theſe German Exiles, who from place to place
Purſu'd. Within th' Hetrurian ſeas (which do
The worlds terreſtriall Globe divide in two)

Are

Are forced with their winged fleet to fly
Unto the Caribean Isles, to lye
At mercy of the deep, and on that coast,
The greatest part of those great Ships, yea most
Of those seduc't soules, with Prince *Maurice* sinke,
As lead in mighty waters, (sad to think)

VII.

HE now for *Tagus* banks doth streer his fleet,
And with his thundring squadrons *Lisbon* greet,
Which did the English so much wrong of late,
And for it must account unto the State;
Mean while those rich Brasilian Ships arrive,
Which with nine others, outward boun d do strive
Him to escapein vain, neere all made prize
By hissuccessfull fleet, who lik a wise,
As well as gallant Captain, by his care,
For this great spoile, a Convoy doth prepare,
With this mellifluous Trophy from *Brasill*,
Which with its sweetnes did all *England* fill,
In triumph homewards he his course doth bend,
Where publick service doth him still attend,
Yea to his praise, this may recorded be,
That as the end of wars is peace, so he
(After full reparation by them made
To th' English) did restore both peace & trade.

VIII.

A Famous Iſland, and of great import
To *England*, ſtartled with the loud report
Of his amazing Actions, trembling ſtands:
To this ſtrong Iſle begirt with Rocks and Sands,
He ſailes, and *Greenvil* ſummons, (that ſtout Knight
Then cheif Commander there) the State to right
By his ſurrender, or he muſt be ſure
The fury of his valiant arme endure.
Whilſt *Trump* then hovering with his Fleet, in vain
Solicits with vaſt ſumms the ſame to gain:
At length upon *Blakes* ſight he doth retreat,
Or rather flye by this Commander great,
Now *Scilly* is reduced to the State,
And joy of Engliſh Merchants, who of late
Could not for fear of this new *Dunkirk* trade,
So rich and high, by warlike plundrings made.

IX.

IMpregnate *Dunkirk*, once our freind, but now
Our foe, if noble, will with homage bow
To him, as twere once holding in his hands
The ſcales of *France* and *Spain* on either Sands,

As

As Umpire, he decides and weighes the town,
Freely to *Spain*, for *Englands* great renown,
Though that *Ledean* Marqueſſe did him treat,
And him carreſt in vain with preſents great;
Yet not without a rich and glorious prize
As unto them, ſo to himſelfe, whoſe wiſe
And brave couduct, ſix warlike Ships did ſeiſe,
No leſſe then Princes ſtile we two of theſe;
Great *Neptune* with his triple Scepter dread,
Princeſſe Maria eke with crowned head,
All captive led by this great Admirall,
VVhich did the conquerd French ſo much appall.

X.

NOr can we *Jerſey* Iſle in ſilence paſſe,
So neer an hoſtile Coaſt that ſeated was,
And by a mighty Monarch then protected,
From his black ſtormes, yet was by him ſubjected;
VVhich *France* beholding, from her lofty ſtrand,
At ſuch portentous acts, doth trembling ſtand,
And ſeeing *Holland* ſince in humble wiſe
Strike to our Flag, her Peace of *England* buyes.

XI.

HE yet engag'd is in more dreadfull fights,
Which all the World, on every coſt affrights,

New

New fires of warre betwitx two proteſtant
And neighbour Nations kindled are, which want
Not *Romes* fomenters, which the Brittiſh, French,
And the Batavian ſea's, could hardly quench,
That thunder ſtriking, and Dutch Admirall,
Which *Scilly* late did court, that *Hannibal*,
With fair pretexts, attempteth to ſurprize
Our Royall Downes, a ſore unto his eyes.
Our watchfull *Scipio*, now in the great *James*,
By him made greater, ſoon appears and tames
The Belgick Lyon, vvith his roaring whelps,
Though three to one, the Lord of Hoſts ſtill helps
Such as on him in juſt appeals depend,
And to that righteous Judge their cauſe commend.

XII.

OUr nevv made foe hence beaten novv vve ſee;
Whoſe fate purſues them humbled more to
The boundleſs love of trade, tranſports on poſt (be,
Theſe famous Merchants to th' Orcadian coaſt,
To force our Calidonian fiſhes there,
Of vvhoſe bones, as they bruit, firſt founded vvere
The vvalls of *Amſterdam*, that Magazine
On *Texel* Bancks, vvhich to their Fleet hath been.
He vvith his Eagle fleet ſoon them purſues,
Their num'rous men of vvar ſinks & ſubdues, The

The Buſſes takes, the one his Juſtice feels,
The other taſts his mercy, hence he wheels
His winged frigots, when our ancient right
He had reſtor'd by his unconquer'd might,
And ſo with ſhoutings homeward ſailes, where lo
More diſmall actions he muſt undergo.

XIII.

AND ſhall we *Portland* name, ah *Portland* fight,
Where mortall wound firſt ſeiz'd this noble (Wight?
Yet to his glory, where behold the high
And mighty States brought low, he gallantly
Triumphing ſails through ſeas of Belgick bloud,
Though wounded, whilſt the Sun eclipſed ſtood,
Through that black ſtorm, & that tempeſtuous fight
Three winters dayes, (like a continuall night)
Which laſted, whilſt that he the day to gain,
Doth in his griſly wounds on deck remain,
As in triumphall chair, would not retire
For his more ſpeedy cure, but is on fire,
And thereby with new courage doth inflame
His Engliſh Trojans, to their laſting fame,
But terror of the foe, who now orethrown
Poſt homewards, there this fatall blow to moan:
But ſtay my Muſe, here noble *Monck* we muſt
And gallant *Dean*, ſalute with honour juſt,

His brave compeers, whose gallantry shown here,
Posterity in leaves of Fame may hear.

XIV.

And after some small intervall of rest,
Scarce cur'd, he buckles for the last contest
Against the Dutch, though much impaired by
His martiall hurts, received formerly;
Inducing him to say, he was more fit,
For some sick Hospitall, then brave *Dewit*
And valiant *Trump* to fight, yet he again
With mind above his strength, and not in vain
Takes *Neptunes* field, and on the Flemish floud,
Releives brave *Dean* and *Monck*, engag'd in bloud,
Whose valiant Acts, and high atcheivements then
In that sharpe fight, deserve a golden p n:
The English Standard then by *Blake* displaid
In Lawreat *Essex*, finds the foe dismaid.

Here now in sight of both the Nations, you
Great earthquakes on each shore, might sadly view,
Made by those horrid thunders which did quell
Their Navy, where their cheifest Piller fell,
With whose dear bloud the greatest victory
Was gained by our Fleet, for that hereby

Twixt

Twixt ancient friends is wrought a lasting peace,
For mutuall Commerce, and their joyes encrease:
His former wish he now fullfill'd doth see,
So often by him mention'd, that as he
The Tragick prologue of this warre hath seen,
So might a happy period, which hath been
Accomplisht in his eyes: Let *Spain* and *Rome*
Hence read with greif and rage their fatall doome.

XV.

AND now we see the seat of gastly warre,
Remov'd from home to forraign countries (far
Unto a wrathfull foe inveterate,
Whose Character in bloudy lines bear Date
From Eighty eight; and so unwearied *Blake*
Plowes up the Southern seas, his way to make,
And in those boistrous flouds, to him well known
Before proud *Cadiz* strand, as on his own,
One Winter full did ride, vvhich *Drake* did never,
Nor *Hawkins*, or brave *Forbisher* endeavour,
Nor yet the hardy Dutch, (vvhose proper seat
And Element, is in the Waters great)
Did ere assay; though all the World abroad,
And both the Indies, be their common Road.

XVI.

PRoud *Malega*, how was thy roaring mouth
Muzled by him the terror of the ſouth, (guns
When thy ſtrong mould was ſeiz'd, thy thundring
Speekt up, and all the town affrighted runs,
Thy warlike fleet, though ſcaping ſtorms & winds
Abroad, no harbour in thy Harbour findes;
But are deſtroy'd all in thy ſmoaking Bay,
Unto his fiery Engines made a prey.

XVII.

HOw ſuddenly doth *Vigo* now bemoan
The like diſaſter with a howling tone?
When *Vulcan*, *Mars*, and *Neptune* all conſpire
Her Merchants and her men of Warre by fire
And ſword to ſpoile: Whilſt he doth leave the Port
And Ships, all flaming in prodigious ſort.

XVIII.

YEa *Tunis* that old punoick City quakes,
And at great diſtance ſtrong Allarum takes,
As though the Roman Legions on their ſhore,
Appear'd: the Turks are ſummond to reſtore

Our

Our Engliſh goods and captives but refuſe,
And therefore muſt expect no other news
Then Cannon peals, whilſt he doth ſeiſe their port,
And charge the Infidels up to their Fort.
Twelve ſtately ſhips of warre, behold in flames
Conſuming are, whereby he quickly tames,
Their *Cham*-like ſpirit by his unconquer'd power,
Whilſt raging fires the Veſſells do devoure.

The poor Mahometans do trembling fly, (nigh
From their ſtrong Holds to Mountaines that were
Whence like ſo many fiends of blackeſt hue,
(With ſcaring horrid faces) they migh view,
In thoſe ſulphureous fiery ſtreams below,
A new *Gehenna*, to their greater woe.
A day ſo dark the Ottomanian fear'd
A fall, and th' horned Moon in bloud appear'd,
That old Republick, and brave Virgin City,
Nere raviſht yet by Warlike foe, though pity
So Romanized, that Virago ſtout,
Which at *Lepanto* fight the Turks did rout,
Fair *Venice* novv vvith ſhouts doth gratulate
The Engliſh Affrican, who now in ſtate
From his late Conqueſt ſaileth by their ſhore,
Where loudeſt trumpets ſound, where cannons rore
(Leading his ranſom'd ones the Chriſtian ſlaves
From Turkiſh yoke, reſcu'd as from their graves)

As

As if triumphant *Cæſar* vvere in fight,
Returning novv from the Pharſalian fight.

He leaving theſe poor Caitiffs to lament
This dolefull loſſe, for more Exploits is bent.

XVIII.

BUt vvhere vvas novv th' Iberian God, that (ſhould
Protect thoſe Galleons huge ſo fraught vvith
That the Peruvian mines exhauſt vvere neer, (gold?
The golden age again ſeem'd to appear:
Was *Baal* journying then, or elſe aſleep;
So great a treaſure could no better keep?
Or did that Babyloniſh Prince novv hope
To be inſtall'd fift Monarck by the Pope?
And build a nevv Eſcuriall for ſo high
A Majeſty? Lo all triumphantly,
In ſtreams of Spaniſh bloud neer *Cadiz* ſands,
Doth flovv into thoſe ſtill victorious hands
Of him and noble *Mountague*, his dear
Colleague, novv honour'd to convoy and ſteer
This Princely Prize, and treaſure ſo immenſe
Bound for th' Eliſian Thames, deſign'd from thence
A Preſent, only for a Soveraign meet,
A Conquerour of Kings, vvhom novv vve greet,
A greater

A greater then that Macedonian Prince,
Or any Heroe, that hath ere been ſince;
For he did moſtly barbarous foes defeat,
This the moſt civill, vvarlike, truly great,
VVith greateſt joy uniting Nations three,
By threefold cord, not ever like to be
Diſſolv'd, ne're yet ſo firm in any age, (ſage
One Law, one Faith, one Bloud; vvhich may pre-
Fair Halcyon daies, our Britiſh Annalls may
Cromwell the great, vvell ſtile him from this day,
The midland ſeas, which many years him knevv,
And Tribute to him paid, bids now adiew,
To this European *Ajax*; ne're again
The like to ſee, vvhile Sun and Moon remain.

XIX.

THe Iſlands falſly called fortunate,
Do trembling gaze, at their approching fate,
And vvhere's a *Homer* novv, that fully may
His laſt ſtupendious act to life pourtray?
A Theam as noble, as the Trojan ſtory,
VVhich filld all pens and ages vvith its glory.

He

He now againſt this ſcarlet whoore of *Rome*,
As born to execute the vvritten doome,
And as inſpired (from all fear exempt)
The grand Canarian croſſe he doth attempt,
Which had the Indian Mynes ſome few dayes paſt,
Neer drain'd, and now poſſeſt thoſe treaſures vaſt:
Twice eight great warlike ſhips he doth aſſaile,
And up unto the Caſtle walls doth ſaile,
All that great fleet, thoſe mighty Galleons he
With golden *Argos* burneth (ſad to ſee)
In thoſe huge Bonfires made a Sacrifice
Unto the Bachanalian God: Whoſe eyes
Dim waxed to behold the Ocean wide
By thoſe *Ætnean* fires almoſt dry'd,
To ſee ſuch flames and unheard thunders heare
That *Sancta Cruz*, and all the Iſle did fear
On that black day the world would be diſſolv'd,
And in another Chaos be involv'd.
The Dolphins by thoſe flaſhy clattrings ſcar'd,
From their own proper Region are debar'd,
And forc't to fall into a watry hell,
Their ſad exile, there to bewaile and tell.

The frighted foot which from the lined ſtrand,
Saw ſeas of bloud, now will no longer ſtand,

But

But from thoſe fenced walls and bulwarks ſtrong,
To lofty *Tenariff* did run, among
The craggy rocks and caves, themſelves to hide,
Such blaſting ſtormes not able to abide.
What ailed thee great mountain and proud peeke,
That ſhelter for thy ſelfe thou now didſt ſeek?
Who to thy forlorn fugitives ſhould be
A Sanctuary, when they fled to thee.
Why didſt thou quake, skie-daring mount, ſo high
That into Heaven thou preſum'ſt to pry?
From the Creation, ſeeming to be fixt,
Above the middle Region, and there mixt
Amongſt the ſtarrs, from fiery Meteors free,
Or didſt thou fear, that now fulfill'd ſhould be
That ſacred Prophecy? that by the power
Of faith remov'd, the Seas ſhould thee devour?
Thoſe Indian ſilver Mynes, and wealth ſo vaſt,
For Spaniſh *Cræſus* hither ſent, are faſt
In durance kept, and like to periſh here,
Made uſeleſſe to their Maſters, or in fear
Of Engliſh Frigots, that perhaps may ſeize
Thoſe golden heaps, if they appear on ſeas.

XX.

HEnce fully fraught with glory, now he ſteeres
His courſe for *Sally* (where he ſoon appears)
That little *Egipt*, and moſt dolefull Cell,
Which held ſome of our Engliſh Iſrael
In bonds; he maketh there a noble peace,
And freely doth the Chriſtian ſlaves releaſe,
Whence gone, he takes another glorious ſpoile,
Still providence on his deſignes doth ſmile.

XXI.

A Little army of Canarian Dons,
From th Indies come, he taketh, now in bonds
Attending this great Victor to performe
Their Obſequies to him in ſolemne forme,
Who, after thouſand ſtormes, to which enur'd
He was, and noble wounds by him endur'd,
Of which he languiſht, now return'd in peace
To Engliſh port, did there alaſs deceaſe,
Yet glorioufly, where he did ſacrifice,
For us his deareſt bloud, deaths greateſt prize,
When many hundreds he had tane of late,
Now to a Royall Chappell brought in State,

For

For his devotion yerſt to him well known,
Amongſt the Kings interr'd, and neer to one,
That Prince of peace, which joyn'd in Hymens band
The two divided houſes of our Land.

If now ſome Britiſh *Plutarck* kindly preſt
VVith love of vertue ſparkling in his breaſt,
Should in hiſtorick ſtile limme out this brave
And Engliſh *Ariſtides*, and from grave,
Redeem his memory, for his Renown,
This one thing more, (his worthy Geſts to crown)
May added be, the glory of them all,
That during thoſe long VVarres, wherein the fall
Of thouſands he beheld, as many riſe
To fortunes high, (true valours meed and prize)
Yet he poſt poning with heroick zeale,
His private intereſt to the publick weale,
Himſelf would not advance by thoſe vaſt ſpoiles,
Still him attending from thoſe bloudy broiles,
(Though millions ſeiz'd by his conduct ſo skil'd
In armes and Counſell, the Engliſh Coffers fil'd)
VVho with his native portion well content,
For his dear countries good, was gladly ſpent.

VVhat Marble Pile, what Monument for thee,
Great Brittains ſheild, *Spains* ſcourge, now rais'd ſhal

(be

That may our Engliſh Heroes animate,
Thy matchles worth (brave *Blake*) to emulate;
And to ſucceeding times, eternize may
Thy name, and thee entitle from this day
A Saint devout, for learning *Socrates*,
A *Cato* juſt, for valour *Hercules*.

AND thou great *Oliver*, thy ſword gird on, (on,
Ride forth and proſper, Truths great Champi-
Againſt that Romiſh beaſt, Jehovah ſend
Such Leaders ſtill, thy high deſigns t' attend:
That ſo that glorious work advanc't ſo far,
Againſt proud *Babel*, by a holy warre,
May under thy conduct yet farther thrive,
And to perfection in the end arrive,
Yea crowned with this Epinicion be
Great *Babilon* is fall'n, and that by thee.

FINIS.